THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XLVII.

TO THE WANDERER.

Sir,

We have already endeavored to suggest some reasons why Shakespeare should be excused for introducing ghosts into his dramas, derived from the essential and advantageous use he made of them; the futility and indeed impossibility of omitting them entirely; and the state of public opinion, which greatly favored them. We are now to consider, as we proposed, the degree of blame which this poet may deserve in consequence of making witches and other supernatural agents the chief instruments in forwarding some of his stories; and thereby attaching to them a degree of reality not consistent with present sentiments or established evidence. In making our estimate of Shakespeare, above all other writers, we should grant him every indulgence to which his genius and penetration, united with his unexceptionable merit can entitle him. There is no doubt we submit to various sentiments and expressions coming from him, which in any other author would excite disgust and prevent a patient hearing. And we claim for him the greatest lenity, when we discuss his introduction of supernatural agency, with an *intention of its being thought real.* But yet there is no doubt sufficient reason to ameliorate the censure, if not to applaud the act, even on the ground here assumed.

The endeavors of Shakespeare as of all other writers was to please the age in which he lived; and in the opinion of his contemporaries the reality of witchcraft was universally admitted. And, indeed, even in this enlightened age, it does not appear to be entirely eradicated from belief. It is not extraordinary therefore, that a poet should seize on a subject of popular interest and engraft on it the story of a play. If we consider his means, the ignorance of his age, and wonderful employment he gives to these personages, we shall be ready to vindicate him against the most rigid criticism. If the laws of writing were unknown, he could not be required to govern himself by them. If the reality of witchcraft were universally believed, Shakespeare, at the worst, did no more than apply that belief to his own advantage.

Another reason which probably induced our author to use the machinery of the witches was to compliment King James, I. by coincidence of opinion. This superstitious prince it is well known wrote a book on the subject entitled, *Dæmonologie.* Besides, although it is impossible that any beings like witches could really have possessed

supernatural gifts, there is no doubt of the existence of those persons who *pretended* to such powers. Witches then, in one sense, might truly be said to exist; which is a further vindication of Shakespeare.

The difference between an epic and a dramatic poem consists chiefly in the style of the relation. One being composed of persons whose actions and sentiments spring immediaiely from themselves; and the other, of persons whose actions are told by the poet. Yet, altho' Tasso has made use of magic, it has been no obstruction to his fame; on the contrary it has rather increased it.

But after all, it may be made a question whether Shakespeare ever intended to inculcate the reality of witchcraft, any more than the professed magic which he gives to *Prospero* in the Tempest. In *Macbeth* it is true he portrays a prince who believes the truth of the witches, predictions; and the predictions themselves are in some degree realized. So in *Prospero*, we see the influence of his magic, successful. There is no doubt that a character like *Macbeth*, might be drawn as if influenced by the decisions of the witches, perhaps merely as another compliment to King James; but this is no reason that the *author* should believe them. Banquo in the same play, says:

"The earth has bubbles as the water hath
And these are of them."

May we not safely think that Shakespeare thought them bubbles also?

But whatever may have been the belief of the great poet, there is such a charm in his management of the wierd sisters; such wildness in their thoughts and language; such judicious adaptation of their scene of enchantment to the deeds transacted; such peculiar felicity of phraseology, and agreement with popular tradition; and in short, such a consistency of character throughout, that few persons would consent to renounce *Macbeth* for the few inconsistences and improbabilities ascribed to it. When we consider the audiences, for whom Shakespeare had to write; possessed of minds satisfied only with the luxurious wonders of fiction, we shall think his offences to maturer knowledge, deserve commendation instead of censure. VERITAS.

The Wanderer has inserted the above, from a wish to promote useful discussion, and will be happy to receive future communications from the same hand.

From the Literary Miscellany.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The readers of the Miscellany will not be displeased with the following concise character of the man, whose name they revere. Should the subject be considered hackneyed, let it be recollected, that it ought never to die, and that few compositions in the style of a "character" of this great and good man have ever been published.

WASHINGTON was a perfect example; his character has no parallel. Modern names are diminished before him, and antiquity is rivalled. A general, statesman, magistrate, and citizen, his duties were arduous and manifold, and he sustained them without effort.

Guiding the policy of the cabinet with his intellectual, and wielding the sword of battle with his physical strength, he confounded the arts, and defeated the arms of his enemies. He commanded the hearts of his soldiers and the resources of his countrymen; and *his* wishes were immediately followed by *their*

exertions. His firmness was so undaunted, his submission to congress so meekly authoritative, his decision so moderately determined, and his exploits so prudently harrassing, that, in every vicissitude of war, his friends were overruled, and his foes overborne by his pre-eminence.—Rising far above common conception, his actions were heroic, his virtues sublime. No difficulty reached him, that he did not surmount, and no passion assailed him, that he did not overcome. Malignity has accused him of cruelty and indifference, but his tears on the death of Andre, and the effusion of his country's gratitude have completely controlled the poison of the imputation.

No ignoble desires for arbitrary sway were produced by his universal popularity, for his magnanimity was more exalted, than his courage. The vile, who believed him capable of treachery, were mortified, and the weak, who mistrusted human fortitude, were astonished at his noble resignation of power.

As the absence of the law of gravitation would involve our system in original chaos, so at the retirement of Washington the union assumed the aspect of convulsive dissolution. He appeared again, and order resumed her operation. Opposition was silenced at the mention of his name, and rebellion retired to her den. So controlling was his influence, that party breathed only to expire. So patriotic were his motives, that there existed no envy, however malignant, that ever disputed his integrity, and no corruption, however hardened, that did not tremble at his frown. The powers of his authority seemed his natural habiliments, yet his obedience, as a citizen, was a pattern for emulation. The relative duties he observed with religious attention, and his shining talents in public were equalled only by his philosophy in domestic life.

In Washington there was an aggregate of excellence, rather than any glaring peculiarity. Without those flashings of genius, which serve only to dazzle the understanding, the steady light of his intellect concentrated its rays to guide the progress of America to liberty and to fame. He was one of those few characters, which are formed by God for conducting great events. An epoch in history will accompany the life of Washington. A warlike nation humbled by the struggles of a peaceful one, a government erected by social compact, and a people flourishing under the mild influence of those institutions, which they themselves had consolidated; these are the grand concomitants, with which the name of Washington will be adorned for the imitation of posterity.

TRIBUTE.

BIOGRAPICAL AND LITERARY NOTICES CONCERNING THE LATE DR. JAMES BEATTIE, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND LOGIC IN THE MARESCHAL COLLEGE OF NEW ABERDEEN.

MR. JAMES BEATTIE was born in the year 1735. His father was a small farmer in the county of Kincardine, in the north of Scotland; one of that class of men who, from the peculiar circumstances of their local situation in renting a few acres of land, are rather destined to be comfortable than rich, and whose ambition is gratified, if, from the produce of their soil, they are able to rear a family in an humble but reputable condition.

It is matter of regret that so few particulars can be known concerning the infancy and childhood of such as are destined, in future life, to become distinguished by their genius and intellectual attainments. When a child is born, no person can perceive whether he shall be a wise man or a fool He

is reared up as a common undistinguished individual of the species, whether he possess or possess not from nature that peculiar aptitude and fitness of temperament which constitute genius. After a few years, he begins to show to what class he belongs; if to the former, the latent energies of his nature begin to work, the hidden germs of talent are gradually unfolded, the blossoms flourish in primeval beauty, and, under auspicious circumstances, the future fruit may be expected. From this period, in the progress of genius, more or less attention is generally directed to observe its peculiarities, and mark its future developement.

Those symptoms, which have been mentioned as characteristic of talent, are only *the effects* of numerous combinations of causes, which, under the influence of the original temperament, have produced them. These combinations of causes, however, have altogether escaped notice, and have no otherwise been known to exist, but by the effects they are perceived to have produced. These are observed and admired, without reflecting upon the manner in which they have come to exist, without having accurately marked those physical, moral, and local circumstances, which have, in conjunction, occasioned their display. But there is the greatest probability, that upon these circumstances, *in early infancy*, modified by the natural organization, genius and talent of every kind depend: Therefore, no precise knowledge of its origin, its growth, and natural history, can be acquired, without the most assiduous and continued attention to those various and intermingled circumstances, from the moment of human existence, until their effects begin to be displayed.

These remarks are, perhaps, more applicable to those who have distinguished themselves in the fine arts, than to any other class of literary men, and in particular to poets.

We have no means of becoming acquainted with the dispositions and incidents which marked the childhood of Beattie; but were they all enumerated, and were it possible that we could behold him in every scene from the cradle to the school, it might then be possible, perhaps, to catch the circumstance which first strongly impressed his youthful fancy with devotion to the Muses, and to ascertain the lucky period from which he was destined to be a poet.

Anecdotes of children are always agreeable; but those little stories which describe the character of children who posess the rudiments of genius, would be still more interesting. Few of these are ever known. But when the science of mind shall be more closely studied, when mankind in general shall be convinced that it is necessary, in this study, to attend to the transactions of the nursery, as well as those of the field; to watch the operations of growing intellect, as well as those of its maturer vigour; we may then expect a gratification and enlargement of curious knowledge, which at present can only be predicted.

It is probable that Beattie, in delineating the character of Edwin, in the Minstrel, drew it from his own, in early youth. This character is more or less common to every boy of poetical genius; and we may therefore suppose, that the childhood of our young poet would be often spent in solitary contemplation, and in ruminating among those objects of grandeur and rural beauty which formed the delight of the young Minstrel.

"But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary team.

"Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice, o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrent shine;
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies:
Would Edwin his majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no; he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

"And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil,—
But lo! the sun appears! and heav'n, earth, ocean, smile.

"And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour tost
In billows, length'ning to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd,
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound.

"In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene;
In darkness, and in storm he found delight;
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul,
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control."

After young Beattie had finished his education at the country school, he was sent to the College of New Aberdeen. His father, it is probable, was induced to bestow upon his son an university education, from some hopes of patronage from the Earl of Errol. The abilities of the young grammarian might likewise induce his father to hope, that, by the possession of learning, his son might be enabled to procure a livehood, either as a schoolmaster or a clergyman, without that degree of bodily labor which he himself had undergone.

In the interval of the College sessions, we find young Beattie employed in teaching a school at Alloa, in Clackmananshire; an occupation common to almost every literary character in Scotland, who has risen from the lower ranks of life. In this situation, and in others similar to it, he increased his acquaintance with the principles of grammar, and acquired that accurate classsical knowledge for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished.

His predilection for the muses was likely to be enhanced from this residence. There is no talent more aided by local situation than poetical fancy; and the beautiful windings of the river Forth, with the amenity of its contiguous fields, would not fail to deepen impressions which had formerly taken place, to recal and strengthen associates which other scenes had created, and to awaken all the delicate sensibilities of the heart on which poetry is founded.

Mr. Beattie afterwards taught a school in his native county of Kincardine; and some time after, he became assistant to the master of the grammar-school of Aberdeen. In this situation, an intimacy commenced betwixt the assistant and the daughter of the schoolmaster, which soon ripened into a mutual affection, and in the end occasioned their marriage. Certain incidents, and in particular the important event of marriage, have often no little influence in modifying the views, and determining the subsequent conduct, of a person through life. Immediately after Mr. Beattie's marriage, it is probable that his intention was to continue the profession of teaching, to endeavor to succeed his father-in-law in the grammar-school of Aberdeen, and to devote the rest of his life to this laborious occupation. But a more brilliant literary character awaited him, and he was destined, though still to continue a teacher, yet to instruct in a more dignified sphere.

Notwithstanding the severe duties which must be daily performed by a schoolmaster, and the tendency which going daily through the same irksome task must have in freezing the flow of the imagination, Mr. Beattie continued to be still smitten with the love of song: poetry was the darling pursuit of his heart, and it insinuated deeper and deeper into his affections.

He now thought of committing some of his productions to the world; and in 1760 he published a volume of original poems and translations. In 1765 appeared another poem of his, entitled "The Judgment of Paris." He was then about twenty-five years of age; his poetical talent was not yet fully concocted; and though these specimens possessed a considerable degree of poetical merit, and were well received, yet the author has since repented of appearing as a poet so early before the public, and has omitted the greater number of them in a late edition of his poems.

(To be continued.)

EOLIAN ISLANDERS.

THE natives of these islands are not wanting in natural abilities, but in the cultivation of them. The Liparese are in general of a prompt and lively wit, ready to learn, of acute penetration, and extremely desirous of obtaining knowledge.

The seat of the court of King Eolus is contested in the Eolian isles, as the birth place of Homer is in Greece. He is claimed by each of the islands; but the people of Lipari are fully persuaded that the royal residence of this petty sovereign was

in their island, and those among them, who have some little tincture of literature, can cite the authority of Homer, and other writers, in proof of their assertion.

A beggar is scarcely ever to be found in Lipari; for even the poorest persons have some small piece of ground, which they cultivate, and by the produce of which they live.

The natives are usually robust, strong, rather of a large size, and comely. When young, they have fine complexions, but fatigue will diminish every kind of beauty, even that of the fair sex. This change is greatly accelerated by the heat of the sun; the effect of which is conspicuous in their tanned skins and swarthy countenances.

It was a disgrace in Germany to be unable to swim; it is no less shameful in the Eolian Islands, to be ignorant either of that art, or that of managing the oar, or steering and handing the sails of a vessel. The priests are very expert in every exercise of this kind. The greater part of them have, like the sailors, their arms or hands marked with black, indelible stains, representing either the crucifix or some saint.

The industry and patience of the people of Alicuda are incredible; they do not lose an inch of the ground they cultivate. There is scarcely a tract of cultivable land, of a few perches in circuit, which is not interrupted with points of rocks, masses of lava, clefts and crags; yet all these tracts they render productive. They turn and break them with pointed spades, and render every foot of them fruitful; on which account, the Liparese say, jestingly, that the people of Alicuda till their lands with the point of a knife.

In neither of the Eolian Isles is there a single spring of fresh water; The inhabitants are therefore obliged to have recourse to the rain-water they can preserve in cisterns; and when it happens not to rain for several months, their distress is extreme.

It is incredible, at the same time, how contented these islanders are, amid all their poverty. Ulysses, perhaps, cherished not a greater love for his Ithaca, than they bear to their Eolian rocks, which, wretched as they may appear, they would not exchange for the Fortunate Islands. Frequently have I entered their huts, which seem like the nests of birds hung to the cliffs. They are framed of pieces of lava, ill joined together, equally destitute of ornament within and without, and scarcely admit a feeble, uncertain light. Sometimes I have been present at their wretched meals, set out in coarse dishes, or on the bare ground, on which they sat, consisting of black barley bread, and wild fruits, and sometimes, by way of dainty, some salt fish, and pure water to quench their thirst. Attending only to the first impression of the scene, I thought I beheld the perfect image of wretchedness and misery; but, on more mature consideration, I discovered in these rude huts, and in the midst of this hard fare, an enviable happiness, which, I doubt, is not to be found in the palaces of the great, or among the delicious viands on royal tables. A cheerfulness and perfect tranquillity shone in the countenances of these poor people, and evidently possessed their hearts. Their ruinous cottages, which must be viewed with pity and contempt by the rich and great, to them were dear; and the food which the luxurious would have rejected, as insipid or nauseous to their palates, had an exquisite flavour. But the frugal meals of those islanders are always

seasoned with a sauce which never accompanies the dishes at the tables of the great; I mean hunger and thirst, which render every meal delicious, and every beverage grateful. The labour of their hands and the sweat of their brows secure an exquisite relish for their scanty fare.

As to the content and tranquillity of these islanders, and the affection they bear their native country, I do not think I should greatly err, were I to ascribe it to the happy temperature of the climate and the quality of the air, which, when pure, so much contributes to maintain in us the proper harmony between the solids and the fluids, or the state of perfect health. *Spallanzani.*

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Of the numerous candidates for the praise of the authorship of Junius' letters, no one seems to unite the suffrages of more persons than Wm. Gerrad Hamilton. The following anecdote from "Cumberland's memoirs," will gratify his espousers. Hamilton and Cumberland were joint secretaries to Lord Halifax, who was appointed Lord lieutenant of Ireland; in which situation their mutual labours were sometimes required. Take the words of Mr. Cumberland:

"The speech of the Lord Lieutenant upon the opening of the session is upon record. It was generally esteemed a very brilliant composition. His graceful person and impressive manner of delivery set it off to its best advantage, and all things seemed to augur well for his success. When I was called in jointly with Secretary Hamilton to take the project and rough copy of this speech into consideration, I could not help remarking the extraordinary efforts, which that gentleman made to engraft his own very peculiar style upon the sketch before him; in this I sometimes agreed with him, but more commonly opposed him, till Lord Halifax, whose patience began to be exhausted, no longer submitted his copy to be dissected, but took it to himself with such alterations as he saw fit to adopt, and those but few. I must candidly acknowledge that at times when I have heard people searching for internal evidence in the style of Junius as to the author of those famous letters, I have called to recollection this circumstance, which I have now related, and occasionally said that the style of Junius bore a strong resemblance to what I had observed of the style of Secretary Hamilton; beyond this I never had the least grounds for conjecture, nor any clue to lead me to the discovery of that anonymous writer beyond what I have alluded to."

The following character of Hamilton, is by Cumberland.

Hamilton, who in the English parliament got the nick-name of single-speech, spoke well, but not often, in the Irish House of Commons. He had a promptitude of thought, and a rapid flow of well-conceived matter, with many other requisites, that only seemed waiting for opportunities to establish his reputation as an orator. He had a striking countenance, a graceful carriage, great self-possession and personal courage: he was not easily put out of his way by any of those unaccommodating repugnances, that men of weaker nerves or more tender consciences might have stumbled at, or been checked by; he could mask the passions, that were natural to him, and assume those, that did not belong to him; he was in-

defatigable, meditative, mysterious; his opinions were the result of long labor and much reflection, but he had the art of setting them forth as if they were the starts of ready genius and a quick perception: he had as much seeming steadines as a partisan could stand in need of, and all the real flexibility, that could suit his purpose, or advance his interest. He would fain have retained his connection with Edmund Burke, and associated him to his politics, for he well knew the value of his talents, but in that object he was soon disappointed: the genius of Burke, was of too high a cast to endure debasement.

EPIGRAMS.

THE other day, said Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open."
"I own," said Joe, "that to the poor
(You prove it ev'ry minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it."

At a tavern one night,
Messrs. *More*, *Strange*, & *Wright*,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
"Yes," said Strange, (rather sore)
"I am sure there's one *More*,
A most terrible knave, and a bite;
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother——:"
"O yes," replied More, "that is *Wright*."

Says Giles, "My wife and I are two,
Yet, faith! I know not why, sir!"
Quoth Jack, "You're ten, if I speak true;
She 's one, and you 're a cypher."

GIBBON A CHRISTIAN.

Enthusiasts, Lutherans and Monks,
Jews, Syndics, Calvinists, and Punks,
Gibbon an atheist call;
Whilst he, unhurt, in placid mood,
To prove himself a Christian good,
Kindly forgives them all.

ON READING DR. TRAPP'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

Read the Commandments, friend, translate no further: [murder."
For it is written, "Thou shalt do no

BUFFON.

Buffon has shewn in his natural history that a man may sometimes unite a great extent of learning with a splendid imagination, and an acute sense of feeling with the delightful art of painting; that he may join with equal excellence the most affecting objects and the most gloomy and tremendous scenes of nature. His work presents the best models for every kind of style and description of eloquence. By turns a poet, a painter, a profound metaphysician, a sublime philosopher, Buffon speaks every language; equally flexible and comprehensive, his genius grasps and masters every subject.—With the same facility that he traces the most minute lines, he seizes the whole of the most extensive plan. No French writer explored the treasures of his language with a more happy industry, or joined so much exactness with so much elegance, and was at once so correct and brilliant.—*Les deux Reputations.*

CONVERSATION.

The conversation of men of letters generally commences with praises and flatteries reciprocally exchanged. An attack upon their rivals ensues; and then arise long arguments, stubborn assertions, and bitter quarrels. Indeed it cannot be termed a conversation; every one speaks for himself alone, and follows his own ideas without listening to those of others. They are absent, impatient, or thoughtful. Are they silent; it is to prepare an answer without the least attention to what is said. Is an interesting story related? their minds are oc-

cupied in inventing another, which they trust will diffuse more delight among their hearers. It seems as if they had assembled together with the intention of challenging and surpassing each other, without attempting to promote the common amusement and instruction of the party. They are mostly on the watch to find out an opportunity of introducing some *bons mots* of their own composition. These are sometimes in honor of men of letters; sometimes anecdotes which relate to themselves; but those numerous quotations become at length tiresome; the hearers seldom feel any portion of the satisfaction of those who repeat them; they are not always instructive; and who, listening to such a conversation, would not imagine that he hears the lecture of one of those fatiguing books, full of ridiculous stories and puns, compiled without care and without choice, which we may take up for a moment, but soon throw away with disgust.—*Les deux Reputations.*

ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

D'Alembert was the son of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed on the steps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman, who earned a livelihood by her needle; she adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labor, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the instruction he received, so that like Pascal, he made new discoveries in geometry in his fifteenth year. His name soon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the society of the young student of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at last began to be proud of having given birth to such a son. His foster-mother had been watched, and consequently the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his subsistence. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college, and requested to see the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, and so forth. "I am your mother," said she. "You my mother, madam? You are mistaken, I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He turned his back on her, and never saw her more, but continued the affectionate and dutiful son of the sempstress, and repaid her with interest in her old age, the cares she had bestowed on his childhood.—*La Belle Assemblee.*

There is something very striking in the uncommon *cæsura*, which is something used by Milton and other eminent poets, by which the pause is made to fall immediately after the first, or before the last semipede in the line. The reader is suddenly stopped to reflect on the importance of a particular word. The following passages afford examples to illustrate this remark:

..... "Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day—nor the sweet approach of even or morn."

"No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud—as from numbers without numbers—sweet—
As from blest voices uttering joy."——

"Dire was the tossing, deep the groans. Despair— [couch;
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to
And over them triumphant Death—his dart—
Shook—but delay'd to strike."

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

Extracted from the Monthly Magazine for June, 1806.

Among the MSS. dug out from the ruins of Herculaneum, a fragment of a Latin poem in hexameters has been discovered, containing from sixty to seventy verses. They relate to the battle of Actium, and, as it would seem, the death of Cleopatra. The MS. is written in the large letters called *uncial*, and all the words are separated by points. It is hoped that this will prove to be the poem of Varius, the friend of Horace and of Virgil, and that the whole of that work will be recovered.

The following is one of the verses :

Consiliis nox apta ducum, lux aptior armis.

At Lisle, on the 7th of April, M. Mosment ascended in an air-balloon, with every prospect of a prosperous voyage. At a certain height he let down a parachute, to which an animal was attached and the experiment succeeded admirably. Shortly after the balloon ascended completely out of sight, and the flag which the aeronaut carried up with him was found on the ground, and in one of the fosses M. Mosment was discovered, in the most dreadfully mangled state. On the 9th the balloon had not been heard of, and, of course, the cause of the accident cannot be conjectured.

The Pope is erecting a new museum in the palace of Belvidere, for the reception of antiques which have been lately purchased by him.

Dr. Pinel's Treatise on Insanity, translated, and accompanied with Notes by Dr. Davis, is nearly ready for publication.

In January last, Mademoiselle Clotilda Tambroni, of Bologna, professor of the Greek language and literature, opened the session of the university in that city with an oration full of fire and eloquence. Those who heard her tho't themselves transported to the golden age of Leo X, when Victoria Colonna and Veronica Hambara, were the rivals of the Bembos and Ariostos !*

* *In Kotzebue's Travels in Italy, curious particulars are given of this extraordinary woman.*

Nisfelsen, the celebrated Danish mechanic, inventor of the musical instrument called Melodica, has lately contrived a machine, with which the largest trees may be pulled out of the ground, notwithstanding the strength of their roots.

Liberal contributions have been received from several of the principal nobility of Poland, towards defraying the expenses of printing the Polish-Sclavonic Dictionary compiled by M. LINDE, director of the Lyceum at Warsaw.

The following is a list of new publications in London, for June last.

Memoirs of a Traveller (the Rev. L. D . . . . . s) now in retirement. Containing Anecdotes of distinguished Persons who have resided in all the Courts of Europe during the last fifty years. Written by himself. In 5 vols. 25s. bds.

A History of England, from the earliest periods to the peace of Amiens, ; in a series of letters to a young lady at school. By Charlotte Smith. 3 vols. 15s.

The Poetical Works of the late Mrs Robinson, now first collected by her daughter ; with many original pieces. 3 vols. 27s. bds.

The Stranger in Ireland ; or Travels in that Country during the last Autumn and Winter. By John Carr, Esq. Illustrated with sixteen Views by Medland. 2l 2s. bds.

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POETRY.

For the Emerald.

ODE.

False Glory on his crimson car,
Riding through the ranks of war,
Rolls his gorgon eyes afar,
And thousands die.

Peace who loves the rural scene,
Sitting on the enamelled green,
Scar'd at his terrific mien,
Doth trembling fly.

He sees; and straight at his command,
His followers dire, a hell-bred band,
Scour like bloodhounds o'er the land,
And take the maid.

Her echo answers groan for groan:
They laughing at her pitious moan,
Bind her to the tyrant's throne,
In chains array'd.

But list! from yonder orient sky,
Heard you not that glorious cry?
'Twas Justice call'd on Liberty,
And gave her sword.

On glory, like the bolt of heaven,
Her adamantine sword is driven;
And lo! the tyrant's helm is riven,
And Peace restor'd.

D**

For the Emerald.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY, ON PRESENTING HER TWO WITHERED DAISIES.

From the spot, I pluck'd them, where they grew,
And fair they flourish'd, sweet they blew
Tho' now they seem to die;
But should they on thy bosom lay,
And drink the sunlike beams which play,
In thy blue heavenly eye:

Perhaps they then would bloom anew,
As sweet as on the spot they grew.
Ah no! they'll ne'er revive.
Not so with him, who droops with love,
Those beams, by pity shed, would prove,
A balm to make him live.

D**.

SELECTED.

The following beautiful lines written by Mrs. Carter, appeared under the signature of "Eliza" in a periodical publication, when she was no more than 18 years old.

"WHILE clear the night, and every thought serene,
Let Fancy wander o'er the solemn scene
And, wing'd by active contemplation, rise
Amidst the radiant wonders of the skies.

Here *Cassiopeia* fills a lucid throne,
There blaze the splendors of the *Northern Crown:*
While the slow car the cold *Triones* roll
O'er the pale countries of the frozen pole,
With faithful beams conduct the wand'ring ship,
O'er the wide desart of the pathless deep;
Throughout the *Galaxy's* extended line,
Unnumber'd orbs in gay confusion shine:
Where ev'ry star that gilds the gloom of night,
With the faint tremblings of a distant light,
Perhaps illumes some system of its own
With the strong influence of a radiant sun.

"Plac'd on the verge, which Titan's realm confines,
The slow revolving orb of *Saturn* shines;
Where the bright Pow'r, whose near approaching ray
Gilds our gay climates with the blaze of day;
On those dark regions glimmers from afar,
With the pale lustre of a twinkling star,
While, glowing with unmitigated day,
The nearest planets roll their rapid way."

THE SNOW-SPIRIT,

By Moore, author of the translations of Anacreon.

Tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?
Propert. Lib. 1, Eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms:
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;

But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow-Spirit never comes here!
The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth, as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers, and balmy their breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him!
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly, fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

TO **** ****.

That wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another!

What though with figures, I should raise,
Above all height my mistress' praise;
Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
The fairest June did e'er disclose;
Her forehead, lilies; and her eyes,
The luminaries of the skies;
That on lips ambrosia grows,
And from her kisses nectar flows;
Too great hyperbole! Unless
She loves me she is none of these.
But if her heart and her desires
Do answer mine with equal fires,
These attributes are then too poor.—
She is all these and ten times more.

HOPE.

By George Keate, Esq.

All splendor which wealth can display
Is so vain that it quickly must cloy;
Like a bubble it soon melts away,
If Hope does not heighten the joy.

Sweet passion! without thee, the soul
In the midst of fruition would tire;
Into times yet unborn thou canst roll,
And expand on the wings of desire.

It was Hope that first planted my vine,
And it's clusters luxuriantly spread;
Rear'd my fig-tree, whose branches entwine
And so gratefully shadow my head.

Hope comforts the mourner's sad state,
Soothes the wretch who is struggling with pain,
Bids the captive support his hard fate,
And to home turn his eyes back again.

Bright charmer! ah! live in my breast,
Round my temples thy garland shall bind;
Thou shalt calm all my sorrows to rest,
And cheer with thy sunshine my mind.

TO LEILA,

UPON SEEING HER BLUSH.

From the Persian.

Leila, whene'er I gaze on thee,
My altered cheek turns pale,
While upon thine sweet maid I see,
A deepening blush prevail.

Leila, shall I the cause impart,
Why such a change take place!
The crimson stream departs my heart
To mantle on thy face.

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